A DOMESTIC TREASURE

By ISABELLA D. DAILEY.

Mrs. Lyman sat at the breakfast table in her 99-cent calico wrapper, which was clean but unattractive, and listened rather wearily to her adored husband's conversation.

In her youth she had been called a beauty, but 12 years of unselfish pampering of her family, together with a constant struggle to "get ahead" upon a limited allowance, had merged her charms into workaday obscurity. She had become nothing more than a housekeeper who was "careful and troubled about many things."

Mr. Lyman did not suspect that he was not a model family man. He had grown accustomed to seeing his wife work from morning until night, keeping their home in immaculate order, making dainty clothing for the children, and cooking meals to please his fastidious taste.

On this particular morning, he was discussing pretty Mrs. Hickson, the wife of his new partner.

"She is really the most delightful woman I have met in many a day," he said, with candid enthusiasm. "She is so bright and up to date and young-looking; I was surprised to learn that she is the own mother of Hickson's fifteen-year-old daughter. I supposed she was a second wife."

"I heard Mrs. Hickson say she had always boarded since her marriage," quietly remarked Mrs. Lyman. "Of course she has lots of time to take pains with herself. I guess she doesn't do much but play bridge and flirt."

"That is very ungenerous, Bess," said Lyman reprovingly. "Mrs. Hickson is a lady of exquisite taste, and you should not be scandalized because she is not inclined to be a back number. I don't wonder that Hickson is proud of her."

"I don't think she is as pretty as mamma," loyally declared little Bert Lyman, whose youthful mind grasped the inference that his idolized mother was suffering from indirect criticism.

Mr. Lyman laughed.

"There was a time, son, when your mamma was a daisy in looks, but that was before she settled down and had two expensive youngsters to take care of."

"And a popular society man," added Mrs. Lyman, with a shadowy smile.

Lyman did not appear to catch any sarcastic intonation in his wife's mild observation.

"Well, I must go downtown," he said, glancing at his watch. "A man can't linger forever in the bosom of his family. By the way, Bess, I wish you would see that my evening clothes are all right. I'm going to an Elks' reception tonight. There will be a dance afterward, and that calls for stiff togs."

"Are you going, mamma?" asked Vera, the small daughter of the house of Lyman.

"No, dear, I hadn't thought of going anywhere."

Lyman looked up in careless wonder. "Go, of course, if you wish, Bess. I didn't think to ask you, because you never care for such affairs."

Mrs. Lyman gave her customary answer to her husband's indifferent invitation.

"I think I should prefer to stay with the children." She did not mention the fact that all her party gowns were several years behind the fashion.

"I thought so," said Lyman, accompanying the remark with a light conjugal kiss. "Those muffins were tip-top, and the beefsteak broiled to the queen's taste. Nobody can beat you, Bess, in the culinary department, even if you don't shine in social functions."

After the children had departed for school, and the morning's work had been done, with the inefficient aid of the diminutive colored maid-of-all-work, Mrs. Lyman went to her room. Seating herself before her dressing-table, she gazed critically at her reflection in the mirror.

"I am altogether too domestic," she commented audibly. "I think I'll furbish up a little, even if we go without a new parlor carpet and lace curtains in the sitting room."

During the following week, Mrs. Lyman went on several secret pilgrimages downtown, and heroically practiced mysterious exercises in the seclusion of her room.

When Mr. Lyman announced his intention of taking a trip to Chicago on business which might detain him a few days, he did not notice that his wife packed his suitcase with unusual cheerfulness nor did he think it strange that she made him promise to wire her when to expect him back.

Chance sometimes assists plotters, and Mrs. Lyman's plans to amaze her liege lord were aided, beyond her expectations, by his accidentally meeting, on his way home, a traveling man who was an old acquaintance.

They crowded as many reminiscences and jokes as possible into the two hours they spent together on the train, but still their fund of anecdotes was not exhausted.

"As you are going to make my town," said Lyman, "why can't you put up at my house? I can promise you a good dinner, and tonight I'll take you to the club, and show you a jolly bunch of boys."

"I wouldn't like to drop into your family circle inopportunely," objected the friend politely, really yearning for a home meal.

"Oh, that's all right," said Lyman reassuringly. "My wife is the good sort, and makes everybody welcome. She will treat you to cooking that will melt in your mouth, though she may receive you in a calico dress, just as she comes from a kitchen. Sometimes I wish she had a little more style, but she is a domestic treasure. I'll bet she can make a dollar go farther than any other woman of the present generation."

When the train pulled into the station, the two gentlemen hurried out upon the long platform, chatting jovially.

Suddenly Lyman caught a glimps of a trim, graceful woman, in a modish tailor-made black suit, with her blonde hair fetchingly marcelled beneath a heavily plumed hat.

"There is a swell woman," exclaimed Lyman. "I can't fancy her in a calico wrapper."

The lady under inspection turned her head in a way that gave Lyman a full view of her face. Instantly his eyes bulged with astonishment.

"She looks as Bess used to," he muttered faintly. "It can't be possible. It is, by Jove."

Mrs. Lyman's perfect costume inspired her with self-confidence, and nothing could have been prettier than her manner of greeting her puzzled spouse.

"Why, Bess, I—I'm surprised," he stammered, fairly limp from bewilderment.

"You act as though you had encountered a ghost," was the laughing retort.

Lyman collected his wits sufficiently to introduce his friend, who pinched him on the sly and whispered: "You're a rare humbug. Home body! Calico wrappers! Good Lord! Tell that to some other scout."

Lyman had hardy recovered his composure when they reached home.

Mrs. Lyman led the trio, and was cordial in seconding her husband's hospitality, remarking ingeniously: "I am afraid you will find things rather muddled. I have been out all the afternoon, and left the children playing circus."

Lyman scarcely recognized his home, in which disorder reigned for the first time, and he was almost speechless with mortification and disappointment when they sat down to a dinner of tough fried steak, lumpy mashed potatoes and soggy bread, supplemented by a thin lemon pie from a bakeshop.

The mystified husband felt that he must be dreaming. Mrs. Lyman seemed sweetly unconcerned, and in no way disturbed by the unappetizing repast, or by the blundering service of her awkward maid.

Never had her conversation been so engaging. The visitor thought his host had developed into a bad practical joker, and wondered if he would be able to get a satisfactory lunch at the club.

Lyman finally began to get angry. After the wretched meal was finished, but not eaten, he contrived to draw his wife aside, and whispered:

"What under heaven do you mean, Bess, in getting up such a dinner—for company, too!"

"I didn't get the dinner," said Bess innocently.

"I should say not," grumbled Lyman; "but why didn't you?"

"For two reasons," replied Mrs. Lyman, not a whit abashed. "I am tired of being merely a queen of the culinary art, and I am going to try to be as young and agreeable as Mrs. Hickson. It would be great fun to be taken for your second wife.

"I have decided that it doesn't pay to spend so much of my allowance upon the table. It shows more in up-to-date clothes.

"Hereafter I shall be ready to attend parties with you. Of course, you will not mind a few extra bills. I know you must have often been ashamed of me—I have been such a frump—but it is never too late to mend."

Found the Cause.

"Do you know," said the dry goods drummer, "I don't blame the doctors a bit? I have my way of earning a living and they have theirs."

"But what about doctors?" was asked.

"Oh, I was in a town in Indiana last week and one day I felt shivers go up my back. I went to a doctor and he said I was in for the grip. Then hot flashes came and I went to another M. D. He said it was a case of typhoid and wanted me to go to the hospital at once. Felt a bit better, but went to a third, and he said it might be a case of bubonic plague or spinal meningitis. He was way off, however."

"But did anything really ail you?"

"For sure."

"Then you got over it very speedily."

"I did. I brought my will power to bear, you see. Yes, something ailed me. I was in love with a mighty good-looking girl and I found out that she was a grass widow and had no chance to get a divorce under five years!"

London's Wonder Street.

Fleet street was formerly the wonder place of London, where all that was novel, bizarre and marvelous was exhibited by enterprising showmen. Ben Jonson alludes to "a new notion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonah and the whale, at Fleet bridge," and at the Eagle and Child was exhibited a collection of freaks and monstrosities that set the whole town agape. In 1710, too, was advertised as on exhibition at Fleet bridge, "two strange, wonderful and remarkable monstrous creatures, an old she dromedary, seven feet high and ten feet long, lately arrived from Tartary with her young one, being the greatest wonder, rarity and novelty ever seen in the three kingdoms."

DIGGING OUT A FOX

How a Girl Found a Man to Love and One to Love Her.

By BRYANT C. ROGERS.

Farmer David Brandon had worked hard all day, and now that evening had come and the cows had been milked, the hogs fed, the hens shut up, and the kitchen wood-box filled up with dry maple wood, he pulled off his boots, with a grunt for each boot, and sat silent.

David had been silent for a long ten minutes when his wife looked up from her knitting and asked: "Tired, pa?"

"Not uncommon," was the reply.

"Ain't you goin' to read?"

"I'm a-thinkin'."

"'Bout Jessie comin' home tomorrer?"

"Yes."

"And you don't seem a bit glad. You haven't appeared to take a mite of interest in her for the last month. I want you to tell me what the matter is. I've been wanting to talk with you."

"The matter is," slowly replied the husband, "that we've been wrong all through this thing."

"You mean with Jessie?"

"Yes."

"How have we been wrong?"

"We are farmer folks. We begun that way, and we shall die that way. We don't aim to put on any style. We can read, write and cipher. We have a daughter Jessie. She went to district school and got a better education than either of us."

"Well?" queried the wife.

"That wasn't 'nuff. You got the idea that we must send her off to boardin' school and learn her lots more. She must have a heap of good clothes and other things, and it has been a tight squeeze to keep her goin'. She's learned music with the rest of it, and now we must have a pianer for her to play on. It stands there in the parlor, and how many bushels of wheat is it goin' to take to pay for it, and what real good will it ever be to anybody? As a farmer's daughter, Jessie ought to marry a farmer. She will have work to do as a farmer's wife. There will be precious little time to thump on the pianer. There will be precious little use for this education that has cost us so much money. Them are the things that I have been thinkin of, and I tell you, ma, we have made a big mistake."

"Has any one been talkin' to you, pa?"

"Well, the tin peddler and the chicken buyer have had something to say."

"Then let us start right there. Are either one of them educated men?"

"No."

"That's just why the one is a peddler and the other a chicken buyer. Miss Walters, the school teacher, is getting $30 a month and free board, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"And what is Hoyt's gal, Thompson's gal, Ridgeway's gal, getting? They are hired gals at $12 a month. Why? Because they are not educated! Hasn't it occurred to you that Jessie might become a school teacher, and if she does and goes to some village she can earn her $50 a month."

"Mebbe she can," grudgingly admitted the husband.

"And why do farmers' daughters generally marry farmers' sons? It's because they haven't a chance to marry in another class. The farmer ain't lookin' for an educated wife. An educated man ain't lookin' for an ignorant one. Neither a farmer's son nor daughter has much of a chance to pick and choose."

There was a silence lasting three or four minutes.

"We owed it to Jessie, pa—we owed it to her. Neither of us had the chance to get an education, and we have had to suffer for it. We don't know much more about the world than two wooden posts. We've had to work hard and scrimp and save to give Jessie a show, but it will come out all right, and you take my word for it. Don't ever let her know that you sorter begrudged her an edecation."

The morrow came and Jessie came with it. She was glad to be home, and her parents were glad to have her. She went about singing, and it was soon shown that education had not spoiled her for housework. She was also busy with the roses and vines and seeds and currant bushes. There was much done to make the old farmhouse look as if a new family had moved in, and she did it. People drove slowly past that they might see the improvements, and the mother said to the father:

"It comes of education, pa. Weeds and burdocks looked all right to us, but see what a change Jessie has made!"

"But what about her getting married?" he grumbled.

As if in answer, three or four young men from the village drove out on fictitious errands that they might get a sight of and a few words with "the college girl," as they called her.

And three or four sons of farmers came to see about hogs or sheep, and once face to face with the handsome and self-confident girl they forgot their errand and changed it to fence rails.

And Pa Brandon came up from the cornfield half an hour ahead of time one afternoon to wink his wife out behind the smokehouse and says to her:

"Ma, what do you think?"

"Lots of things, pa."

"You know Jim Faraday?"

"Of course."

"One of the richest farmers in the

BOSTON CALLS SAN FRANCISCO

Direct Telephone Line Open Across the Continent

SPEECH CARRIED 3500 MILES

Bell Telephone Engineers Extend Long Distance Line to the Pacific Coast---Science and Inventive Genius Finally Overcome Great Obstacles

WHAT IT MEANS TO TELEPHONE FROM BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO

Distance—3505 miles.
Twelve States Covered.
Miles of Copper Wire—14,020.
Weight of Wire—Over 3000 tons.
Poles on Line—Over 140,000.
Speed—One-fifteenth of second.

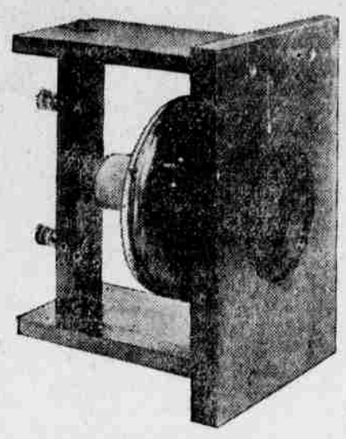
Crossing the continent—from Boston to San Francisco—in one-fifteenth of a second is an actual accomplishment. Direct conversation between the two cities so far apart was established for the first time, the other day, over the longest telephone line in the world—more than 3500 miles.

The successful consummation of this great work is an epoch in history—the acme of telephone attainment. It is an achievement made possible only by the scientific study and persistent effort of the engineers of the great Bell system.

Think for a moment what the opening of the Boston-San Francisco direct line means. It has made Massachusetts and California neighbors. It will carry the business message from the Atlantic to the Pacific quicker than a man can write a letter and it gives him an answer at once. It has annihilated distance. Its commercial value is priceless.

Boston Men Built the Line

Across twelve states! Do you realize what that means? Have you ever traveled to the far west? On the



Professor Bell's First Telephone

fastest trains it takes five days and five nights—120 hours—to go from Boston to San Francisco. And yet it will only be a little while before the business man can sit comfortably in his office and travel instantly by telephone between the two cities over tons of copper wire.

The opening of this line has a peculiar significance to the people of Boston and New England, for it was in Boston that Professor Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1876, less than forty years ago. A little later the longest toll line in the world stretched from Boston to Lowell and the service was poor and intermittent. How marvellous has been the progress.

And the men who were associated with Bell in those telephone pioneer days, and developed his great idea, until one in every eight persons in the United States is connected by telephone, are Boston men. Many of them are living today.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, has been in the telephone business almost from the beginning. Today he is perhaps the greatest constructive business man in the world.

John J. Carty, chief engineer of the company, the master mind in scientific telephony, was a Cambridge boy who worked as an operator in the early days for $5 a week.

Thomas D. Lockwood, general patent attorney of the company, a telephone expert for nearly forty years, lives in Melrose.

Thomas A. Watson, the youthful mechanic who assisted Bell in his early experiments and who was the first person in the world to hear the human voice over a wire, lives in Braintree and in Boston.

Some Facts and Figures

At the present time there are two complete physical circuits, each 3505 miles long, between the two cities. Then, by means of a wonderful development of electrical study, in the transposition of these two circuits according to a certain scientific formula, a third circuit called a "phantom" circuit is created, making it possible for six people to talk at one time—three at each end—over these two pair of wires.

There are 14,020 miles of hard drawn copper wire in both of these circuits. Each circuit mile of wire weighs 870 pounds, so that the entire weight of both circuits—four wires—is over 3000 tons. This tremendous weight is supported by 140,000 poles.

Telephoning over such a great distance would have been absolutely impossible without another wonderful invention—the repeating, or loading coils. Without any technical description, it is sufficient to say that these loading coils are placed at various points along the line and give the electrical waves additional force and power.

The line from Boston to San Francisco runs direct to Buffalo, 465 miles; thence to Chicago, 605 miles, to Omaha 500 miles, to Denver 585 miles, to Salt Lake City 580 miles and to San Francisco 770 miles, a total of 3505 miles.

A spur line runs from Chicago to Pittsburg, 545 miles, and thence to New York, 390 miles. Another spur connects Buffalo and New York, 350 miles.

On the same day the line between Boston and San Francisco was opened telephone conversation was established between New York and San Francisco. Professor Bell talked from the New York end and his early associate, Thomas A. Watson, from San Francisco.

An interesting fact in connection with the opening of this line is that Professor Bell used at the New York end an exact reproduction of his first crude instrument. At first it could be used only a few feet. That that instrument could be used in talking between New York and San Francisco is due to the skill and inventions of those engineers who followed Bell after his retirement from the telephone business, in the perfection of the telephone and of switchboards, cables and the hundreds of other accessors to successful telephone transmission.

Looking Backward to the Beginning

On the evening of Oct. 9, 1876, the first long conversation over the telephone was made by Bell and Watson. They talked for three hours over a telegraph line between Boston and Cambridge. It was the wonder of the day. In May, 1877, a Charlestown man leased two telephones—the first money ever paid for telephone service. The same month the first tiny and crude telephone exchange was born with five telephones connected.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
THOMAS A. WATSON
THEODORE N. VAIL
JOHN J. CARTY

Four Telephone Pioneers Who Have Made It Possible to Talk From Boston to San Francisco, Over 3500 Miles, and to Whom the Opening of the Line Means More Than to Any Other Men In the World

As an event, it is on a parity with the opening of the Panama canal. It is another connecting link that physically binds the far east and the far west of America into one complete union.

Four Thousand Miles Instantly

One-fifteenth of a second! Like a flash of lightning goes the spoken word through storm and sunshine over thousands of miles. It starts in Boston at 4 p. m. and, paradoxically, reaches San Francisco three hours earlier. The time schedule has been turned topsy turvy. While you wink, your speech hs been carried nearly half way around the world.

Imagine a giant with lungs powerful enough to carry his voice 3500 miles through the air. Picture him standing on the dome of the Massachusetts state house and yelling "Hello" as loud as he could. Four hours later it would be faintly heard at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Blow up a million pounds of dynamite on Boston common and the sound would travel but a few miles. And yet the telephone wizards with a tiny wire have outdistanced nature. Surely brains and energy have won a great victory.

In 1849 "Pike's peak or bust" was the slogan that dominated those hardy pioneers and urged them forward. In 1909, to paraphrase this, the slogan of the telephone engineers was "the Golden Gate or bust." That was the goal upon which they set their eyes more than five years ago. The long distance lines had already been extended as far west as Omaha. Two years ago Denver became a reality by telephone, and now, in one long jump of over 1500 miles, the Pacific coast has been reached.

By August there were 778 telephones in use—all in Boston—and four men had an absolute monopoly of the telephone business. A little later Theodore N. Vail was prevailed upon to resign from the government mail service and become general manager of a little telephone company that was hardly organized and had no money. Month after month the little Bell company lived from hand to mouth. No salaries were paid in full. Often, for weeks, they were not paid at all. In 1880 John J. Carty timidly asked for a job as operator in the Boston exchange. He showed such an aptitude for the work that he was soon made one of the captains.

In 1893 Boston and New York were talking to Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburg and Washington, and one-half the people of the United States were within talking distance of each other. The thousand-mile talk had ceased to be a fairy tale.

Several years later the line was pushed over the plains to Omaha, and subsequently nearly 600 miles were added, enabling the spoken word in Boston to be heard in Denver.

The Boston-San Francisco line will probably not be offered for general commercial use until the early summer.

Telephone engineers have dreamed of the time when the wires would span the continent. That time has come. For the moment it seems as though there is no other great thing for which to strive. And yet progress in telephony in the United States is making such tremendous strides that no man can prophesy the wonderful things that may be done in the future.